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ORTHODOX HASH,

WITH CHANGE OF DIET.

BY

WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

AUTHOR OF

“THE VOICES,” “IF THEN AND WHEN,”

“PROGRESS OF MANHATTAN ISLE,”

AND OTHER POEMS.

NEW YORK:
ASA K. BUTTS.

1881.



Testimonials.

From the many critical notices and reviews of "THE VOICES," we have only room for a few brief extracts.

Judge BAKER of New York, in his elaborate review of "THE VOICES," says: "Considered in the light of a controversial or didactic poem, it is without an equal in contemporaneous literature—the birth of an audacious mind, and is destined to excite greater and more wide encircling waves of sectarian agitation than any anti-creedal work ever published."

Prof. S. B. BRITTON, in his able review of the work, says: "In the Voice of Nature the author gives us a clearer insight into his own views of the material world, of human nature and God. He has a rational philosophy of the relations of mind and matter, and his theology is at once natural and charitable. He recognizes one God everywhere, present alike in the physical world and in His moral universe. The God he adores, and his strong faith in the goodness that rules the world, are clearly revealed and forcibly expressed in the following paraphrastic and poetical rendering of a beautiful passage in the Sermon on the Mount:

PG 106
B 907

Will He who hears the ravens when they cry,
Mock and deride thee when no hope is nigh?
Will He who clothes the lilies of the field,
That neither toil, nor spin, nor raiment yield;
Who feeds the fowls that never reap nor sow—
Extends His watchful care where'er they go;
Will He who clothes the grass which is to-day,
While all its beauty quickly fades away,
Forget His image—His immortal child!
Is he alone derided and defiled?
Or left to tread the downward thoroughfare,
With Satan to bewilder and ensnare,
And urge him on to death and dark despair?
O, ye of little faith! let reason sway:
Are not your souls more precious far than they?

WILLIAM H. BURLIGH, a well-known author and poet, in one of his contributions to the Chicago *Evening Post*, thus speaks of the author and "THE VOICES": "That he is a bold, earnest man, with very pronounced opinions, that he has a combative and incisive way of stating those opinions, and that, below all seeming antagonism to the letter of old creeds, he accepts the spirit of the new dispensation, his book furnishes abundant evidence. His verse is generally characterized by vigor, and at times glides with a true rhythmic flow, and rings with a genuine poetic harmony."

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WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

ORTHODOX HASH,

WITH CHANGE OF DIET.

In Eden's fair garden
Where all was delight,
The hope of all ages
But flashed in the night.

For lo, in a flickering
Moment of time,
All earthly effulgence
Was darkened by crime.

Here man and his maker
Together were foiled,
And earth's floral bosom
Forever despoiled.

Here, Adam, from Eden,
With curses must flee ;
Though Jehovah no less
Was defeated than he !

Jehovah defeated
On earth's fickle shore,
The God whom the angels
Delight to adore ?

Whose attributes dwell
In the fullness of space,
Where worlds upon worlds
Feel His loving embrace ?

All rolling in splendor
His purpose to fill,
Upheld and propelled,
By the force of His will ?

Where systems keep time

By His infinite power,

Where ages are only

Eternity's hour?

Break gently the sorrow

Among the bright spheres,

For planets and suns

Will be flooded with tears:—

While the hope of eternity

Trembles and falls,

By the subtle device

Of a serpent that crawls!

Yet God in His anguish,

Repentant and sore,

Awoke to the contest

His throne to restore:—

Invades the dark earth
With His terrible ire,
And opens the flood-gates
Of water and fire.

But Satan still victor,
Moves on with delight
From Eden's achievement
To Calvary's height :

Where silently ambushed
With Judas to aid,
Success was foreshadowed
When God was betrayed !

Toll the bells lightly,
Soft muffle their breath ;
God of the universe
Slumbers in death !

Dark was the morning
When Nature in gloom,
Bereft of her maker,
Chose earth for His tomb;

But earth in a frenzy,
And writhing in groans,
Now broke in convulsions
Her old rocky bones!

The dead from their graves
Were aroused with affright,
Cut short the long slumbers
Of death's dreary night.

This story seems strange,
However we view it;
But stranger, if true,
That so few ever knew it!

But one thing is certain,
No church can deny
That the triumphs of Satan,
Caused Jesus to die.

That His death is the door
To salvation for *all* ;
Hence the murder of God,
Atones for the fall.

Thus Satan to glory
With blood pays our fare,
Revoking the mandate
Of endless despair !

Oh ! what a delusion
The reason to bind ;
Nay, what a religion
To poison the mind !

Its strange combinations
Of dogmas and creeds,
From Adam to Moody,
In substance thus reads.

HASH.

FIRST COURSE.

Adam's fall
Condemns us all;
Original sin
Doth here begin;
Where Satan's plan
To capture man
At once prevailed,
While God's so failed,
With passion's burst

He grieved and curst;
Still curses all
For Adam's fall.
Beset by fears
Mid rolling years,
While hope was vain
Success to gain,
With dire disaster
Rolling faster,
He sent His son,
Three Gods in one,
To save the race
From hell's embrace.
But Satan's powers
In these dread hours,
Are not dismayed
For want of aid;
If once alone
He took the throne,
With legions now

That ne'er will bow,
Naught can withstand
His brave command !
Thus with small loss
Success to gain,
Upon the cross
The Gods were slain !

To make defeat
A grand retreat,
That God thus slain
Was not in vain,
The creeds all say
This ope's the way,
The *only* way,
Whereby the race
Can hope for grace ;
That faith in this,
Brings endless bliss,—
Will change at once

An arrant dunce,
From hell's delight
To angel bright !

But moral truth
From early youth,
With kindly deeds
For other's needs,
All count as dross
Without the cross.

Conceived in sin,
No good within,
All bruised and sore
At every pore,
All heirs of hell,
Where devils dwell,
None can do good
In *any* mood ;
None good *receive*,
None have reprieve

Unless, like fools,
Or pliant tools,
We follow creeds,
To suit their needs,
And reason spurn
At every turn;
All doubts dispel
For fear of hell,
And blindly plod
Our way to God!

Yet God from eternity (1)

Settled His plan,
And numbered the saved
And the lost, to a man.

No virtue, nor vice, (1)

At whatever cost,
Can *increase* the redeemed,
Or add *one* to the lost!.

1. Westminster confession of faith. Presbyterian. Both old and new school.

HASH.

SECOND COURSE.

If appetite
Needs more delight,
Or spice to flavor,
With more savor ;
Here's "Atonement for sin,"
With all Heaven thrown in ;
Or "Total depravity,"
(Oh ! what a gravity.)
And "Fore-ordination,"
With vile "Reprobation"
And endless damnation,
With dry bones to jump,
At the sound of the trump ;
While Peter and Paul,
And Moses, and all,
Though Time's swelling waves,

Still burden their graves;
Are waiting *somewhere*
On the shores of despair,
With pitiless moans,
To *wear their old bones!*
But the trumpet at last,
With one mighty blast,
Will summon the race
From its last resting place,
By bursting the wombs
Of earth's laden tombs,
That millions may swell
The legions of hell!
While few we are told,
From the Orthodox Fold,
Will parade with their bones
Round the heavenly thrones!

God's Infinite love,
From the fountain above,

Destruction hath hurled
On an innocent world ;
Consigned to perdition,
With mandate forlorn,
Nine-tenths of His children,
Before one was born !
Where groans evermore,
Resound from the shore,
Where the “ Heathen Chinee,”
Will wail for his tea !

HASH.

THIRD COURSE.

But fear no harm,
Faith will disarm
The darkest foes
That can oppose,
Though smeared like soot

From crown to foot,
By every crime
That darkens time ;
With *Faith* once full,
You're white as wool ;
Even when Death
Devours your breath,
And with cold grin
Reviles your sin,
You've naught to fear,
For heaven is near ;
If by faith you devour,
In the last trying hour,
But a morsel of trash
From the strange balderdash
Of Orthodox Hash !

A WORD FROM THE COOK.

A word to you, my Christian friend :
If this admixture should offend,
Or seems repugnant to your taste,
Do not condemn with too much haste.
This bill of fare is still the pride
Of those who at your feasts preside,
Whose morbid appetite still feeds
Their palsied life, on dying creeds.
This stale, cold dish of ancient date,
Was once the joy of all who ate ;
And, if perchance, it doth provoke,
Thus gently warmed and made to smoke
I pray you censure not the cook,
When his receipt is from your book !

CHANGE OF DIET.

FIRST COURSE.

Cultivate your noble manhood,

Freed from every clan ;

“Working out your own salvation,”

Like an honest man.

Live the light that in you shineth,

Thus to self be true ;

Ever treat your reason kindly,

And its path pursue.

Have respect for all conditions,

Be not over wise ;

All should be each other’s pupils,

And together rise.

Love should season all surroundings,

Make our homes most dear ;

Warm the hearts of friends and neigh-

bors,

With its timely cheer.

No proscription for opinion,
Should our steps attend ;
New discovered truth too often
Dies without a friend.

Let us all divide our freedom,
Giving each his share ;
Man who makes, alone can answer
This unanswered prayer.

All are children of one Father,
In a common band ;
If one stumbles in life's journey,
Give the helping hand.

Kindly deeds by love begotten,
In a generous way ;
Warm the heart by warming others,
Bringing *double* pay.

He who wrongs a fellow mortal,
Wrongs himself the worst ;
Self condemned, while scorned by
others,
He is *doubly* curst.

Ever let the brute creation
Our compassion share ;
Dumb, defenseless, patient creatures
Need our tender care.

Cultivate within your being,
Charity for all ;
Something good in all beholding,
Sadly though they fall.

The divine in each immortal
Will yet bud and bloom,
In a climate more congenial,
Where there yet is room.

Thus, when earthly cares are ended,
And the shades draw near ;
Hope still lives, and is extended
To a brighter sphere.

CHANGE OF DIET.

SECOND COURSE.

God, our ever loving Father,
Countless worlds His name rehearse ;
Whose pulsations beat forever,
Through the boundless universe.

Moses' God so frail and fickle,
With His son of recent birth ;
Were the vain and vague conceptions
Of the age that gave them birth.

May we rise with adoration,
To the changeless powers that rule;
Ne'er revere the age of darkness,
Nor the bigots of their school.

Let us live the living precepts,
That bespeak of laws divine ;
Deeply in our souls engraven,
As among the stars that shine.

Law is man's devoted teacher,
Patient, truthful, ever wise ;
Whose rebukes and just approvals,
Are the rounds on which we rise.

Law is Love's devout companion,
Moulding all with rigid hand ;
Architect of all the ages,
First and last, in stern command.

Let us heed its kind injunctions ;—
Walk with Nature hand in hand ;
'Till we rise through life immortal,
To a better, fairer land.



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THE VOICES.

BY

WARREN SUMNER BARLOW.

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